

LOVE OF A RUSSIAN COUNT.

Romantic Attachment of a Nobleman for a Young Canadian Beauty.

(From the Cleveland Leader.)

On a bright afternoon about three weeks ago a tall gentleman of commanding presence registered at the Stillman as Colonel Count Hoffenberg, of Russia. The stranger spoke English fluently, without the slightest trace of a foreign accent. To a reporter who visited him the Count said he was quite a traveller and had visited America twice before. He intimated that his tour was one of pleasure and that he was so delighted with the fresh air of this city, the rolling waves of the lake, and the shady drives along the magnificent avenues, that he might remain here for some time.

The Count did remain here until a week ago, but his visit had other and greater causes than the prospect of breathing pure air, listening to the sound of beating waves and driving through shady streets. A young American lady was the guest of a relative scarcely more than a block away from his hotel. She had captivated the nobleman with her graces, and he was only too willing to surrender his coronet and heart.

Two years ago two orphan sisters named Moore decided to polish off their liberal education in American schools with a trip upon the Continent. They had inherited a nice estate, including a luxurious homestead at Chatham, Can. Both ladies were young, and popular at home. They visited the points of interest in Europe, and were on board a railway train in Northern Germany bound for a coast city where they were to embark for home, when, through pure accident, they met Colonel Count Hoffenberg. It was in the winter, and the locomotive had great difficulty in ploughing through the snow drifts. Finally, at or near Dresden the attempt to pursue the journey further was abandoned by the trainmen, and the engine and cars were blockaded in a snowbank for a few days.

The Canadian girls were virtually alone, being unable to converse in the language of their fellow passengers. It was then that Colonel Count Hoffenberg, who was also a passenger on the delayed express, became acquainted with the young ladies. He spoke pure English, and was therefore able to assist them in many ways. The Count proved to be an agreeable companion and helped to while away the dreary monotony of the long hours. He was attracted by the ready wit and bright conversation of the younger sister, who was then about 19 or 20 years old, tall and slender, with a pleasant face, pretty eyes and light hair.

The noble Russian was hopelessly smitten, and he hovered near the sisters until they had reached their destination. The steamer had sailed, and they were forced to wait for the next one. In the meantime the Count was assiduous in his attentions to the younger lady, and before the steamer sailed he proposed marriage. Although charmed with the pleasing manners and courtesy of this distinguished scion of nobility, the offer of his heart and hand was rejected. The Count thought he had been too precipitate in avowing his affection, and secured permission from the young lady to write to her.

The European tourists returned to their home in Canada and resumed their former happy life. Letters from Colonel Count Hoffenberg arrived at regular intervals, and after a time the nobleman began to suggest that he would like to visit America again. The object of his affection suggested to him that he ought not to come, but one day she received word that he had sailed. He had government business at Washington, he wrote, that brought him to America, and he desired greatly to see her again. The young lady replied to him that she could not receive him at her home, but would meet him, if he wished it, in this city, where her aunt resided.

The Count transacted his business in Washington and came here as stated above. He called on the young lady, who was with her relatives at the Livingston, on Euclid Avenue. He was introduced to the guests at the Livingston, and created a favorable impression. His dignified, courteous bearing, pleasing manners, and charming conversational powers made him popular everywhere. He entertained the young lady and her relatives at dinner at the Stillman, and was entertained in return at the Livingston and by friends of the young lady on Euclid Avenue. The Count was as deeply in love with her as ever, but the feeling was not reciprocated on the other side and the young lady kindly but firmly told him so. He wanted her to look up his family connections and history and enquire into his record.

At his earnest entreaty she consented. Everything was as he had stated. Colonel Count Hoffenberg, she learned belonged to one of the noblest families in Russia. He was the commander of a brigade regiment and an adjutant on the personal staff of the Czar. He was a member of a family whose stern law was that if one of the members married a woman whose ancestry could not be traced back through ten generations of the nobility he should be reduced to the rank of baron. The Count was found to be immense-

ly wealthy and his land in the Russian empire numbered thousands of acres. All this and much more the young lady learned, but she still remained obdurate.

There was too much difference between their ages, and she said that she would never consent to anything which would lower him in rank or influence in his own country, although he insisted that he was ready to yield up his honors and become a baron for her sake. She knew him to be an honorable, kind-hearted gentleman, but she could not live in cold, bleak Russia, a stranger among strangers. It was not the free, untrammelled existence which an American desired. A week ago they parted, the young lady for her Canadian home, and the nobleman for New York, from which port he was to have sailed for Russia last Saturday.

THE QUEER FUEGANS.

Professors Lee and Townsend of the recent "Albatross" expedition to the Antarctic regions are both more than ordinary successful as amateur photographers. They have brought back a fine collection of photographs of interesting places, people and situations. By far the most interesting pictures are those taken off the coast of Terra del Fuego, the inhabitants of which are the next to the lowest type of the human race known. Professor Lee, by the way, ascribes a different origin to the name of the land than is given in the geographies that were studied in the schools. The text book said that the number of volcanoes about gave the country its forbidding name, but the Professor says there are no volcanoes anywhere about there. The natives of the country live in long bark canoes, in the centre of which a fire is always burning. When to kindle a fire meant to rub two sticks together until they started to burn, the savages were careful not to let their fire go out, and the custom survives. The name comes from these ever-burning fires. The natives have learned the use of matches and tobacco, and these commodities command a high price in Terra del Fuego, even though there is no protective tariff there. A sheep or a baby is considered a fair equivalent for a plug of tobacco or a bunch of matches. If the choice of the price is given the native he will always give the baby, as there is a much greater demand for sheep than for young Fuegians. It was reported that in one of the copper tanks, among the strange fishes, a good specimen of the Fuegian baby was comfortably tucked away in alcohol, but the scientists would not admit this. The Fuegians are not a warlike race, though they are very skilful with their primitive bow and arrows. The arrows are not feathered, and the barb consists of a triangular piece of glass ground sharp. Though the Fuegians are very low in the human scale, they are careful not to offend the eyes of strangers. An explorer approaching the boat sees only the best-looking squaw of the party. She handles a paddle at the stern and steers the boat. Her less comely sister—there are always two families on a boat—is hidden ignominiously under the seats. There are no old women in Terra del Feugo. Lest this should cause an exodus from the civilized world it would be best to explain why. When a woman gets to the right age, about 45, she is considered to have done her duty. With appropriate ceremonies, therefore, she is either lanced or strangled and the family larder is replenished with her roasted remains. The women, when they see the time of sacrifice approaching, never attempt to escape it. They regard it as about almost as settled a fact as that the wind should blow, and never trouble themselves about it. The Fuegians are not cannibals further than this. They never eat children, young women or men.

DOTS AND DASHES.

Blobson—Don't you think that young Popinjay is showing considerable spirit, these days?

Dumpey—I think he is showing the effect of considerable.

Old lady (stopping open street car)—Ye don't allow smoking on this car, do ye?

Conductor—Certainly, madame; take one of the back seats. Step lively, please.

It make an editor mad to write a nice headline, and put the credit below it, and get all ready to paste the clipping, and then find that a passing July breeze has blown the item out of the window.

Old Lady (to boy who is tying a tin kettle to dog's tail)—Little boy, don't you know that it is very wicked to treat a poor dumb animal so?

Little Boy—Dumb? Jest wait till I let him go!—[Time.]

Mistress (who has been writing a letter for cook)—How shall I sign it, Bridget? Your obedient servant, Bridget O'Toolihan?

Bridget—Faith, and yez nade not, mum. It's not to the loikes of Mary O'Shaunessey that I'm an obedient servant.—[Epoch.]

Gwendolen (in shady path)—Won't you take my hand here, George?

George—No; somebody'll see us, and think we're pretty loveless for a married couple.

Gwendolen (coaxingly)—They won't think we're married at all; they'll think we're only engaged.

From Boston.

Messrs. HOLMES & NICHOLS

ARE LOADING THE

BRIG "LANTANA"

to sail about the 20th inst. They have room for some freight. Apply to them or to

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Agents.

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Choice Retailing Molasses.

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61 barrels Choice

Retailing Molasses

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aug11

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CHAPTER XIX—(continued.)

"I SHALL MAKE HIM LOVE ME."

"I was startled," she said, "when you spoke of not going home with us. I know that wedding breakfasts are very tiresome, but I have been looking forward with so much pleasure to spending this one day with you."

His thoughts were not even with her, they were with that pale, beautiful bride, in whose shadowed eyes a tragedy lay; he did not even take in the sense of her words; but she was a girl, beautiful and young, he must make some answer. He never remembered what he said. She smiled, and continued:

"I have been living in such an atmosphere of love, lately, that a little change will be quite agreeable; the conversation has entirely been on love and lovers, on marriage and wedding festivities. I long to hear of something else. While we drive home tell me of yourself, and why you are going abroad again."

She did not know that her words had struck him with keen, jealous pain. Was it possible that while he had been wearing his heart away, that while the fever of love had burned and maddened him, she had been happy and content, as Gladie's words seemed to imply?

"Has Lenore seemed so happy, then?" he asked, abruptly.

Gladie looked at him in wonder. "What do you suppose a bride could be but happy?" she answered. "Of course we have all been happy; but as everything, very sweet tires one very soon, I want to hear of something else besides love and wedding favors."

She saw the dark expression that came over his face, the cloud that seemed to overshadow the dark, handsome features, but she could not even guess at the cause.

"Do you know," she continued, "that the neighbors, one and all, have discussed your conduct, weighed your motives, and found you wanting?"

For the first time he seemed to understand her words, and to listen.

"In what am I found wanting?" he asked, half proud, y. Gladie laughed.

"People say that you ought to stay at home and take better care of Eastwold. Lady Mostyn says it is a social sin for a wealthy young baronet to remain single."

"I am afraid that I shall always be a social sinner," he said, bitterly.

Gladie smiled brightly.

"You will not remain so long, I am sure; it is not in the nature of things. You will remain unmarried so long as you do not fall in love, but no longer."

"Then I have not been accused, as yet, of falling in love, Gladie?" he said.

He saw that the surprise on her face was genuine, and not feigned.

"No; I have not heard that," she answered, and indeed I can foresee a difficulty there."

"What is the difficulty?" he asked, interested in spite of himself, as clever women can always interest a man if they try. She answered him with a bright, amused little laugh.

"The real difficulty would be in agreeing whom you shall marry. Lady Mostyn thinks you are bound to love Elsa Grey; Lady Coombes thinks her daughter ought to be mistress of Eastwold; and I—I think—"

Then she stopped abruptly.

She recovered herself quickly. "I think that you will study neither rank, money, nor position. That Mrs. Grundy will have nothing to do with your marriage, but that some time you will fall in love with some one beautiful and graceful; then you will marry, and people will let you rest."

She spoke kindly, hardly knowing the under-current of passion in her voice. He looked at her with the shadow deepening on his face.

"Yours is a pleasant prophecy," he said; "but I see no chance of its fulfillment."

She only liked him all the more, and thought more of him.

"He loves no one," she said to her-

self, "I shall succeed. I shall make him love me."

During the rest of the drive she amused him with bright little anecdotes until, sad and sick at heart as he was, she had made him smile. Then, when the carriage stopped, she said to him:

"By virtue of our office we shall be companions to-day—until you leave; stay with us as long as you can, Sir Cyril; I shall feel doubly lonely when you are gone."

Then came the breakfast. Mrs. Audley had not invited a large party, Lady Mostyn, Lady and Miss Coombes, the rector with one or two others, made up the whole party. The whole world might have been there, or the table might have been empty, for all that Lenore or Sir Cyril knew. It was an ordeal of fire, but they went through it. Sir Cyril made a speech that delighted every one. Lenore listened with a smile on her beautiful lips. No one knew or could even guess, of the deadly anguish or deadly despair that was the portion of the two who had loved each other better than all the world besides.

Despite the under-current of tragedy, it was a pleasant festival; no one could look at the young poet's happy face without knowing that life had no more to give him than that which he had won. Mrs. Audley was in good spirits and Sir Cyril, following the brave example of Lenore, talked and laughed as though the bitterness of death were far from him instead of close by his side. Gladie was elate and triumphant, it was to her he talked; it was at her sallies and repartees he had smiled. She should succeed, of that she felt sure. She had persuaded him to remain until the bride and bridegroom had gone. To himself he owned it would be easier; it seemed less terrible to him that Lenore should say "good-bye" to him, than that he should say it to her. Gladie believed that it was to please her that he had consented to remain. She was full of hope that ultimately she should succeed.

"If I am ever Lady Vernon of Eastwold," she said to herself, "I will make these people do me homage. Lady Mostyn shall flatter me, and Lady Coombes ask me to interest myself in her daughters."

Then the breakfast ended. Some of the visitors went out on the lawn, for the morning was beautifully fine and warm. The bride went to put on her travelling-dress—the carriage that was to take the young husband and wife away stood already at the door.

There came a moment when it seemed to Cyril and Lenore, that they stood alone in a sea of fire, when the real mist of sorrow unfolded them. It was but a moment; the sunlight was laughing around them, the flowers were all in bloom, the summer wind was full of music and perfume.

Sir Cyril stood talking to a group of ladies under the rippling lime-trees, and Austin led his beautiful bride up to him.

"Say good-bye to my wife, Cyril," he said, gayly, and words went straight as an arrow through the heart of the young knight. Then came the supreme moment, in which it seem to them that they stood quite alone, and fiery sorrow around him. It was a brief moment; had it lasted long she must have died under it. She laid her hand in his; it was as cold as death despite the warm sunshine and the summer heat.

Good-bye, Sir Cyril," she said, gently, and it seemed to her in that moment the better part of her died.

"Good-bye Mrs. Chandos," he answered.

Their hands touched, clung to each other with the clasp of desperation for one moment, then they parted.

"You will have a pleasant journey Mrs. Chandos," said some lady who stood near, and Lenore looked at her, with such strangely sweet, and vacant eyes, the lady was some time in recovering from the glance.

She said to herself:

"Love, it is all love, I suppose. What strangely beautiful eyes Mrs. Chandos has."

The next minute and it all seemed to Lenore like a dream. She was in the traveling carriage, with her husband by her side. No one who saw her drive away with that smile on her face knew how desperately she was praying in her heart that Heaven would give her grace and strength to be a good wife.

(To be continued.)

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Mfgs of the REGISTERED ROYAL VICTORIA

TRADE MARK

TARTAR

Baking Powder

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

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TRADE MARK

TARTAR

Baking Powder

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

MOULD CANDLES.

Just Received, per schooner "Richard S. Newcombe," and for sale by

CLIFT, WOOD & CO.,

25 boxes Morrill's Gelb Mould Candles.

jv21 25-lbs per box, 25 bxs 6's; 25 bxs 8's.

New Nova Scotia Butter.

Now Landing, ex schr. "Neva," from Antigonish, N.S., and for sale by

CLIFT, WOOD & CO.

78 lbs Choice New Antigonish Butter.

jv10

PEASE.

We offer Fifty Barrels

Canada's Round Pease

Also, a few brls. Canadian Blue Pease.

CLIFT, WOOD & CO.

Encourage Home Industries.

HAVING FITTED UP A JOB PRINTING Department in the COLONIST Building, with an Universal Press, and a large quantity of the latest styles of type, we are prepared to execute work, in the above line, with neatness and despatch. All orders from town or country promptly attended to, at reasonable rates.

P. R. BOWERS.

NOTICE!

I HEREBY CAUTION ALL PARTIES against infringing on or making my making my anchor, or any anchor with any feature of my invention attached to it. Most persons are under the impression that if they make the slightest alteration, they can obtain a patent; but such is not the case, and should not be allowed or granted, for such is contrary to the laws, rules and regulations of patents. The manufacturers in England said they were safe to make my anchor, and would not infringe on any other patent or get themselves into trouble by so doing.

T. S. CALPIN.

marl.

Groceries.

1888! - SPRING - 1888!

Just Received from London, per brig. Clementine.

PRESERVES—ASSORTED—IN 1-lb., 2-lb. and 7-lb tins—Raspberry, Gooseberry, Red-currant, Black Currant, Plum, Greengage, Strawberry, Apple-jelly, Marmalade. N. B.—The above-mentioned preserves are of superior quality.

C. HOW-CHOW, MIXED PICKLES, Essence of Vanilla

Lemon, Peppermint and Cloves

Coffee and Milk, Cocoa and Milk, 1-lb. tins

Condensed Milk—1-lb tins

Taylor Bros. No. 3 Cocoa; Taylor Bros. Marvella

Fry's Homoeopathic Cocoa; Taylor's do, 1-lb tins

Fry's Chocolate—1lb cakes; Dutch Cheese

Almond Nuts, Walnuts, Hazel Nuts

Caraway Seeds, Nutmegs, Cloves, Allspice

Cinnamon, Ginger, Black and White Pepper

Mustard, in boxes and kegs; Bread Soda

Cream of Tartar, Baking Powder, Egg Powders

And continually on hand, a large stock Groceries, Provisions, Wines and Spirits.

JOHN J. O'REILLY,

290 Water Street, 43 and 45 King's Road

april27

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

Insurance Company.

(ESTABLISHED A. D., 1805)

RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY AT THE 31st DECEMBER, 1882:

I.—CAPITAL

Authorized Capital.....£3,000,000

Subscribed Capital.....2,000,000

Paid-up Capital.....500,000

II.—FIRE FUND.

Reserve.....£844,676 19 11

Premium Reserve.....362,188 18 6

Balance of profit and loss acct.....67,895 12 6

III.—LIFE FUND.

Accumulated Fund (Life Branch).....£3,274,835 19

Daily Colonist.

MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1888.

Exports and Imports, 1887.

We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the Customs' Returns, for 1887, just published in a well-printed volume, by Messrs. Bowden & Sons. As we are asked, from time to time, for certain items of yearly imports, the following may be useful for reference. The quantities and values are given where we find them in the returns:—

Ale and beer, 22,404 gals., \$8,319. Horses, 130, \$9,060. Oxen and cows, 3,406, \$66,317. Sheep, 4,993, \$14,997. Pigs and calves, 343, \$1,715. Apples 4,713½ bbls., \$14,130. Apples (dried), 10,237 lbs., \$1,024. Apothecaries wares, \$4,239. Articles for religious purposes, \$4,038. 1 con and hams, 2,123 cwt., 1 qr. and 5 lbs., \$29,235. Beef, pigs' heads, jowls, etc., 16,426½ bbls., \$197,119. Blocks, \$336. Bagging and brin, \$10,292. Barley, \$5,999. Blacktin, \$36,904. Bran, \$1,204. Brick, \$2,465. Biscuits, 560 cwt. 1 qr. 13 lbs., \$2,240. Books (printed), \$15,183. Bullion and specie, \$3,500. Blubber, \$230. Butter, 13,958 cwt. 94 lbs., \$234,523. Cod-oil, \$68. Candles, \$2,258. Clocks and watches, \$2,110. Carriages and wagons, \$220. Canned fruit, \$318. Canned meats, \$6,762. Cabinet wares, \$3,839. Casks (empty), over 45 gals. each 10, \$20. Cask staves (undressed), \$8,026. Casks (empty) under 45 gals. each, 266, \$158. Cask staves manufactured, \$3,000. Cheese, 1,129 cwt. 2 qr. 4 lbs. \$15,807. Chocolate and cocoa, 28,103½ lbs., \$3,371. Confectionery, 976 cwt., 3 qr. and 26½ lbs., \$19,539. Cod-fish (dry), 5,350 qts., \$21,400. Corks and cork-wood, \$2,251. Coffee (green), 28,000 lbs., \$5,599. Coffee (roasted), 51,328 lbs., \$12,831. Cabbages, 24,525, \$980. Coal, \$2,342½ tons, \$205,854. Canvas, \$50,726. Cordage, \$38,472. Cigars, 454,930, \$7,512. Ivory and dory oars, \$7,812. Eggs, \$1,463. Earthenware, \$16,580. Electric Light Co., \$1938. Fancy biscuits, \$4,913. Feathers, 31,593 lbs., \$3,159. Fishing tackle, \$3,885. Flour, 342,390½ bbls., \$1,369,563. Fruit, 511,804 lbs., \$51,178. Grindstones, \$370. Dry-dock, \$8. Guns, \$376. Grease, \$128. Glassware, \$8,872. Hoop-iron, \$1,697. Hay and straw, \$15,387. Harness, \$210. Herring (smoked), \$160. Limestone, \$164. Hardware, \$62,630. Indian meal, 4,516 bbls., \$13,548. Indian rubberware, \$7,453. Iron (bar), \$26,867. Indian corn, \$926. Jams and preserves, \$45,534 lbs., \$1,427. Leather, \$128,745. Lard, \$6,291. Lead, \$2,683. Leatherware, \$89,369. Lumber, 2,052,554 ft., \$20,537. Lumber (dressed), 539,627 ft., \$8,094. Machinery, \$12,609. Medicine \$23,866. Masts and spars, \$3,617. Matches, \$1,552. Meat and poultry, \$34,402. Molasses, 911,981½ gallons, \$273,592. Miscellaneous, \$128,681. Oils (cod), \$68. Nails (wrought), \$11,105. Nails (cut), \$6,111. Olefine oil, \$983. Oil (olive), \$2,863. Oil (linseed), \$13,197. Oil (kerosene), 383,951½ gals., \$38,395. Oatmeal, 1,631½ bbls., \$7,343. Oats, \$24,707. Oakum, \$4,759. Caters, \$304. Onions, \$3,457. Paint, \$21,711. Powder and shot, \$12,066. Paper (wrapping) &c., \$1,854. Paper hangings, \$994. P. as, 3,336½ lbs., \$16,206. Pork, 22,675½ bbls., \$294,781. Potatoes, 101,711½ bushels, \$12,205. Paper (printing), \$8,431. Plate and jewelry, \$4,809. Pitch and tar, \$11,183. Post office (ready-mades, miscellaneous, wools, medicine, &c.), \$10,683. Rice, \$8,249. Ready-made clothing, \$93,072.

(conclusion to-morrow.)

NEWS FROM LABRADOR.

Messrs. W. B. G. J. and W. C. Job have favored us with copies of telegrams received from Labrador via Little Bay, from strmr. "Conscript." Mr. Grieve's message is from his agent, Mr. Bendell, at Battle Harbor, and states that since last trip of the Conscript nothing has been done with fish in there. It also says that the salmon fishery north is poor. The loss of four of the firm's vessels is announced, from which it may be inferred that rough weather has been experienced on the coast lately. The names of the crafts are: The Dante, the Jane, the Ann and the Alexandra. Whether they had any fish on board or not at the time has not been ascertained. Mr. Job's telegram is from his agent at Indian Harbor and is more cheering. It states that good work has been done since the Conscript was there last, but that lately the weather has been exceedingly rough. Mr. R. H. Prowse, who receives the official commercial message, was not in receipt of it up to press hour.

Advices received from Barbadoes state that molasses has been nearly all shipped from that island and what is left is of an inferior quality. The prices asked were seven cents up from the lowest point this year, which would make it cost ten cents more in North Sydney, and higher prices are looked for on the island for what small quantity is left.

THE CORPSE RAN AWAY.

Henry Graham's Great Act in Running Away after Having Been Hanged.

That the bodies of the dead, even a long time after the moment of death, do perform actions which have all the appearance of volition, are instances familiar to every student of medical literature. Physicians, it is true, assure us that in these movements volition does not enter; and they have given to this muscular movement the name of "reflex action," and this, apparently, we are expected to accept as a perfectly lucid explanation of a phenomenon which without the name would be obscure. Enlightened by the term "reflex action" it must be discontented and exacting curiosity that would not rest and be thankful.

At Hawley's Bar, a mining camp near Virginia City, M. T., a gambler named Henry Graham, but commonly known as "Gray Hank," met a miner named Dreyfuss one day, with whom he had a dispute the previous night about a pack of cards, and asked him into a bar-room to have a drink. The unfortunate miner taking this as an overture of peace gladly consented. They stood at the counter, and while Dreyfuss was in the act of drinking, Graham shot him dead. This was in 1865. Within an hour after the murder Graham was in the hands of the vigilantes, and that evening at sunset, after a fair, if informal trial, he was hanged to the limb of a tree which grew upon a little eminence within sight of the whole camp.

The original intention had been to "string him up," as is customary in such affairs, and with a view to that operation the long rope had been thrown over the limb, while a dozen pairs of hands were ready to hoist away. For some reason the plan was abandoned, the rope was given a single turn about the limb at a suitable distance from the noose, the free end made fast to a bush and the victim compelled to stand on a horse, which at the cut of a whip sprang from under him, leaving him swinging. When steadied his feet were about eighteen inches from the earth.

The body remained suspended for exactly half an hour, the greater part of the crowd remaining about it. Then the "judge" ordered it taken down. The rope was untied from the bush, and two men stood ready to lower away. The moment the feet came squarely upon the ground the men engaged in lowering, thinking doubtless, that those standing about the body had hold of it to support it, let go the rope. The body at once ran quickly forward toward the main part of the crowd, the rope paying out as it went. The head rolled from side to side, the eyes and tongue protruding. With cries of horror the crowd ran hither and thither, scrambling, rolling over one another, cursing. In and out among them, over the fallen, coming in collision with others, his direction governed by blind caprice, the horrible dead man "pranced," his feet lifted so high at each step that his knees struck his breast. The deepening twilight added its terror to the uncanny scene, and brave men fled from the spot, not daring to look behind.

Straight into this confusion from the outskirts of the crowd walked with rapid steps the tall figure of a man whom all recognized as a master spirit. This was Dr. Arnold Spier, who, with two other physicians, had pronounced the man dead, and had been retiring from the camp. He moved as directly toward the dead man as the now somewhat less rapid and erratic movements of the latter would permit, and seized him in his arms. Encouraged by this, a score of men sprang shouting to the free end of the rope, which had been drawn entirely over the limb, and laid hold of it, intending to make a finish of their work. They ran with it toward the bush to which it had been fastened, but there was no resistance; the physician had cut it from the dead murderer's neck. In a moment the body was lying on its back, with composed limbs and face upturned to the kindling stars in the motionless rigidity appropriate to death. The hanging had been done well enough; the neck had been broken by the drop. Dr. Spier knew that a corpse which, placed upon its feet, would walk and run, would lie still when placed upon its back. The dead are creatures of habit.

A wonderful story has just made its way to Paris from Cannes. In the forest of Esterel a man and a woman were at work, and not far off their babe—an infant six months old—was lying in its cradle, which had been removed to their cottage in order that the little cherub might inhale the fresh air under the watchful gaze of its fond parents. Suddenly a noise was heard an enormous eagle swooping down from the cerulean sky seized the babe with its beak and claws and began to soar once more towards the sun, when his distracted father rushed madly into his hut and took up his gun. Without a moment's hesitation the man pointed his weapon at the cruel bird and fired. The eagle dropped earthward as dead as a door-nail, and his slayer now achieved another feat. He held out his hands and caught the child as it fell, the little one escaping without so much as a scratch, and returning from its journey in mid-air as "bright as a button."

ANOTHER PROMISING ISLANDER.

Mr. McLoughlan Passes a Successful Matriculation Examination.

We are greatly pleased to learn that Mr. A. McLoughlan, youngest son of Hon. J. McLoughlan, has succeeded, in a very creditable manner, in passing the matriculation examination for the Royal University of Ireland. Before leaving for Clongowes College, where he has spent two years, he had the advantage of receiving several terms training at St. Bonaventure's College; and his success therefore reflects credit not only upon himself, but also upon that institution. We congratulate Hon. James McLoughlan on his son's success, and feel assured he will maintain the record he has already made until he will have finished with "all the honors."

Parnell and the "Times."

The London correspondent of the New York "Press" intimated, a few days ago, that Mr. Parnell had made up his mind to prosecute the "Times" for libel, which the proprietors of that journal have frequently challenged him to do. The public Telegram today confirms their statement. Mr. Parnell has entered an action in the Scotch Courts, and has retained Mr. Balfour, formerly Lord Advocate of Scotland, a position similar to that of Attorney General in England or Ireland. The "Thunderer" will henceforth, probably, be called the "Blunderer." The consensus of the opinion of the unbiased press of the Old Country indicates that the letters which the "Times" contends are Parnell's are simply stupid forgeries.

Advantage of Kerosene Oil Stoves.

(To the Editor of the Colonist.)

DEAR SIR,—Being rather a connoisseur in household bread-making, my aim has been to secure a loaf of white color, open texture and light weight. This I have so far been only successful in doing to some extent by baking the bread in small bake-pots in the oven of a cooking-stove.

Last week, by the advice of a friend, I imported an oil cooking-stove from Halifax. It has three burners, three apertures for cooking, beside a square elevated oven. In this oven household bread is baked of the most perfect description and as light as a feather. The loaves are first raised in the usual way, and then put into small round iron bake-pots of the usual kind, and put into the square, elevated oven. The heat being uniform and continuous, the baking is done to perfection.

The cost of the kerosene oil used in the stove is less than one penny an hour, three half-pints of oil lasting about eight hours. The cost of the stove was \$8.50. It cooks the whole dinner for my family, which is not a small one. The great relief of being able to dispense with the kitchen fire in hot weather it is impossible to describe. On Sundays the dinner can be put on and left to cook itself, without any attention to the fire. There is no smell from the stove and perfect combustion.

I write this for the benefit of other householders and from no other motive, believing that those who try these oil stoves once will never again be without them.

My stove is called the "Adams & Westlake," but there are hundreds of different makes.

Yours, etc., ECONOMY.

St. John's, August 13th, 1888.

Note of Contradiction by Mr. Scott.

(To the Editor of the Colonist.)

DEAR SIR,—One of your correspondents, on Saturday, stated that, at the meeting of ratepayers of No. 3 Ward, held in the court house, on Friday last, I objected to the name of Mr. J. B. Ayre (baker). Allow me to say that the statement of your correspondent is not true. I did not do as your correspondent states.

Yours truly, P. J. SCOTT.

St. John's, August 13th, 1888.

The Municipal Elections

(To the Editor of the Colonist.)

DEAR SIR,—I think the objection to the candidature of Hon. M. Monroe, as urged by your correspondent "Anti-Confederate Rate-Payer," namely, that he was supported at the meeting by Mr. P. J. Scott and his friends, is an extremely silly one. Suppose, for instance, that Mr. Scott supported Mr. Ayre, would that be a valid reason against Mr. Ayre's candidature? With the exception of Mr. Murray, it must be admitted that Mr. Monroe was the "ablest man" put in nomination at the meeting, and saying this does not detract from the merit of the others, for there are very few who have had the experience, and business training of that gentleman. I can assure your correspondent that Mr. Scott did not influence me at the meeting to vote for Mr. Monroe, but because I think he is a liberal-minded, progressive man, who would give us such necessary improvements as we require, and which we should have had years ago. Yours truly, FAIR PLAY.

A LETTER FROM ANOTHER NEWFOUNDLANDER ABROAD.

How Nova Scotia was Entrapped!

(To the Editor of the Colonist.)

SIR,—For some time past I have been watching the movements of my native isle with regard to the question of Confederation. There appears to be a lack of interest in the country, for which I cannot account. Either Newfoundlanders must have grown less patriotic, or must feel that their present position is so bad that Confederation cannot make it any worse. Are they going to allow themselves to be driven into Confederation like sheep, without raising one dissenting voice, surely not? What then! Are they going into Confederation to suit the ambitious greed of a few adventurers, whose only aim and object is to secure office. I feel sure that if Newfoundlanders would make themselves acquainted with facts, they would not allow themselves to be gulled into Confederation, to suit the greed and avarice of a certain few. No doubt these gentlemen will tell you that they have the interest of the country at heart, that it is their highest aim and ambition, that she shall take her place among the nations of the earth, that your vast mineral resources shall be opened up; that railways, like spiders webs, shall intersect the island at every point of interest, that there shall be no more days of want and depression, that everyone who wishes shall find employment, that wealth in abundance shall flow through the length and breadth of the land, that it is simply the interest of the people that they are looking after, that they have no thought for themselves, that it is not their ambition to live in Ottawa in royal splendor, or squander public monies. "Oh, no! That they want nothing in return for all that they shall have done, or all that they will do," "nothing" only the gratitude of the people whom they shall lift from their present position of thralldom and slavery, that they may go forth rejoicing in freedom and liberty, fed by the bountiful hand of these men, who have secured these things for them, through Confederation, in short that they are philanthropists in the full sense of the word, and that there are no other men beside them.

No doubt, many of your readers will ask what are we to gain by Confederation. The question can be answered by looking at Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. What have they gained? Nothing! Literally nothing! If you are Confederated with Canada, what concessions will she make and what will she give you in return? Will she compel capitalists to invest monies to open up the country, so that you may find employment? Will she furnish you with railroads? She has not done so for the other Provinces. Then, why should she do so for you? It would be absurd to suppose that she would. Let us look, for a few moments, at Nova Scotia, and compare her present condition with yours, and what yours will be if confederated. Twenty years ago she was duped into Confederation by that wily old man, Sir Charles Tupper. Nova Scotia presented so small an area to satisfy his ambition that he was not content with a seat in the parliament house at Halifax. His ambition must be satisfied, therefore Nova Scotia must be confederated. He was elected and took his seat in the Dominion Parliament; but this did not satisfy him, he must hold office. He received the appointment of Finance Minister. Not content still, he must go to London. From London he was sent to Washington on the fisheries question, where he consummated his transgressions by almost giving the Americans the control of our fisheries. Now he has gone back to London, a bill of expense on the people of Canada. After having duped her into Confederation, what concessions did Canada make? What did she give her in return for her vast coal-fields, of which every ton that comes to the surface sends a percentage into the Dominion treasury? What did she give her for her gold and iron? Nothing, only taxation? What did she get for her fisheries? "Her fisheries!" Why, Sir Charles gave them to the Americans.

They have increased taxation, swept our revenues into the Dominion treasury so that they might have greater ease and luxury. During the 21 years that she has been confederated Nova Scotia has made but slow progress. Her markets have been stocked with articles of Canadian and United States manufacture (so will yours if you are confederated) to the exclusion of her own. Had she the control of her own affairs, she could have protected herself by high tariffs, encouraged home industries, opened up her own resources. In this way she could have found ample employment for her increasing population which to-day are leaving the province for the want of employment. Had she not been confederated, she would have made far greater progress than what she has. Canada has done nothing for her, excepting what she has done to keep her as far behind the age as it is possible.

It is true that Nova Scotia has a railroad, and there are those who say that without confederation it would have been impossible to have a railroad built. Just think of it, gentlemen, Nova Scotia must be confederated because she wants to build one hundred and forty miles of railway—from Halifax to Amherst!

With your permission you will hear from me again.

Yours truly, P. J. MULLEY.

Spring Hill, Cumberland Co., N.S., Aug. 3, 1888.

THE FISHERIES TREATY.

Mr. Chandler Makes an Attempt to Nullify the Whole Business.

A Washington despatch of the 20th ult., says: After the Senate doors were opened Mr. Sherman gave notice that he would ask the Senate to resume the consideration of the Fisheries Treaty to-morrow. Mr. Chandler thereupon offered the following resolution, which was laid over:

Resolved,—That the power to make treaties, and appoint all high officers of the United States being vested in the President and Senate jointly, the President has no right under his implied power of making preliminary negotiations of treaties, to appoint, without the concurrence of the Senate, private citizens as plenipotentiaries, to make and sign such treaties on behalf of the United States, and that the recent appointment by the President, without the consent of the Senate, of James B. Angell and William L. Putnam, as special plenipotentiaries to make and sign the proposed Fishery Treaty with Great Britain, dated February 15, 1888, was unwarranted by the Constitution.

SCOTCH EDUCATION

So much is put forward in behalf the excellence and high standard of education in Scotland that the latest figures dealing with its cost are interesting. According to the annual report just published, the total income of the 980 school boards in Scotland in 1887 were £1,426,905, an increase of £85,643 over the previous year. The largest sources of this income are, in order of size, the school rate. Grants from the Educational Department and school fees. In a total expenditure of £1,406,043 there was paid for teachers' salaries, the sum of £741,143, and this, with £208,638 for the erection of new school buildings, makes up the chief expense. The sum of £1,556 was spent for "prosecuting defaulting parents." The school rate varied according to the locality, from one penny per pound to five shillings, and fourpence per pound. There are 19 higher-class public schools, and these are practically self-supporting, the income being £52,109 and the expenditure £52,902.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

H.M.S. Lily arrived in port this morning.

A new stone cross was erected in Mount Carmel Cemetery on Saturday.

The steamer Conscript left Little Bay at 11 p.m. yesterday, bound south.

There were over two thousand five hundred children in the picnic procession today.

The children of the Christian Doctrine Society are enjoying their picnic today at Ross' farm, Quidiividi.

Sub-Inspector Sullivan will take charge of the bait protection service in a few days. Mr. Robinson resigns, it is said, to go to England.

A man for an alleged selling of liquor without a license was fined \$100. Mr. E. P. Morris, who acted as Counsel for him, gave notice of an appeal to the Supreme Court.

The schooner Oronoco, flour laden, from the United States, arrived to Messrs. Bowring Bros. on Saturday. In crossing the banks she spoke the banking schooner Portia, of Newfoundland, who desired to be reported, all well.

The flower fiend is again at work in the churchyards. Yesterday an expensive bouquet, placed by a loving daughter's hands on the grave of a recently deceased parent, was taken away in less than an hour after. We call upon the police and citizens generally to exterminate this ghoul.

The steamer Portia arrived from Halifax and New York at 2.30 this evening. She brought the following passengers:—Mrs. Harvey and son, Mrs. Walton, Mrs. Stabb, Mrs. O'Reilly, Miss Handy, Miss Woods, Capt. Glassford, Messrs. W. Howard, Brown, W. R. Walton, J. J. O'Reilly, T. M. Martin, C. C. Harvey, H. L. Pangbone, N. H. Stabb, E. Stabb, J. W. Phillips, G. L. Phillips, G. Moore, in cabin. Mrs. Power, Miss Greene, G. Cavanagh, and A. Adolph in steerage.

Three of the New York minstrels will not go till the next "Portia," which will be about Thursday next. They are the musicians of the troupe. Meanwhile they will hold a dancing assembly nightly in the South-West street rink. From the hour of opening the band will play choice airs till nine o'clock, when the dancing will commence and continue till midnight. As there are a great many counter attractions at this season—picnics, boating, etc.—the price of admission has been put down to forty cents per couple. No doubt a large number of persons will be present tonight.

DEATHS.

MULLOWNEY.—On Sunday morning, after a tedious illness, Ellen, relict of the late Patrick Mallowney, much and deservedly regretted. Funeral on Tuesday, at 2.30, from her late residence, Cathedral Street; friends are requested to attend without further notice.